

Cootamundra, Impressions and work with Devas

The word “Deva” in new age Indian terminology means ‘shinning one’, an area of self-aware consciousness that resides at earth energy locations. Devas can be as small and ephemeral as flower, or as large and immortal as a planet.

In this article I’m essentially concerned with large Landscape Angels, Devas that attach themselves to location and stay there for 20, 40 or 50 thousand years. They leave when old or bored - or when something goes seriously wrong with their site. Usually new ones take over, the number of cosmic Devas that seek to manifest on Earth appears immense; our planet is a desirable cosmic location.

In the Neolithic period (the late Stone Age), humans were in a constant living relationships with the Devas. In Europe this period ended 3,000 years ago, in Australia a mere 200 years ago. Everywhere, and certainly in rural Australia, Devas continue to expect people to relate to them. This is the “Dreaming” that Aboriginal people ache to continue but, alas, materialist culture is destroying the Dream.

That covers the background of this story.

Now about Karen, my co-worker in this case study. She has been a sensitive all her life and has learnt to express the energies and communications received through her ‘tuning in experiences’ into words. She says this is akin to tuning a radio to different frequencies. Karen uses Tarot as a tool when doing her spiritual counselling. (*email: tismagic_k@yahoo.com*)

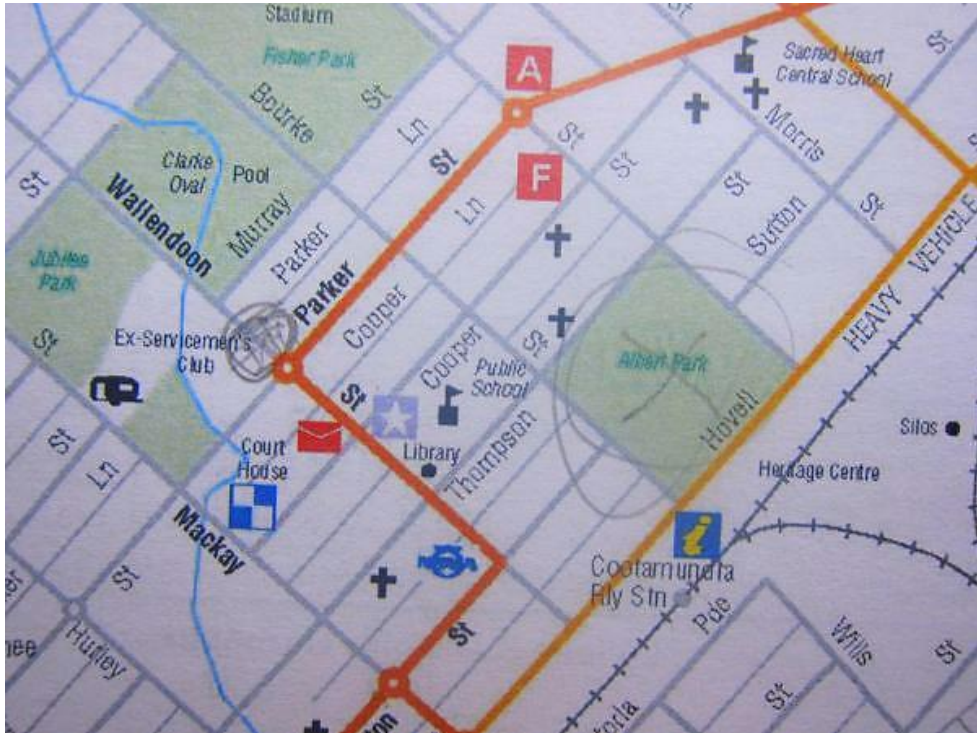
Some times, for relaxation, I drive around the bush near Canberra and visit nearby towns.

In mid-January I was in Cootamundra and noticed that the town was developing a new, soft caring energy. Tuning in, I had impression of five or six Devas who wanted human help to interconnect, a request that I felt was beyond me at the time. I took the request with me. I week later I was standing in Lilitu’s Canberra shop and she mentioned a friend who had just moved to Cootamundra. A bell rang and I asked for her contact details. Lilitu demurred, “I’ll see her tomorrow, I’ll ask her if she wants to meet you.”

Karen rang and invited me to the house she had bought in Cootamundra a few months before; “Why Cootamundra?” I asked on the phone.

Her reply, “I didn’t want to come here at first. But in the end I was drawn here ... and then price dropped - and so here I am.” I’d heard this sort of story before ... sites pick the people they need.

A week later I was sitting on a couch in Karen’s living room using a pendulum to dowse a map of the town. My question, “Which sites should I visit, what are the important places to see now?” Karen’s collection of crystal balls stared down at my work.



Three sites came up. One, between the creek the town's central round about. The second was the sports field/park near the railway station and the third was Pioneer Park, a rock face on the road to Junee.

We went to the Noodle Shop; while the food was being prepared I went to visit the Deva site at the round about.

"Ouch," radiated out the Deva, "I'm not happy here. This used to be an Aboriginal camp ground and now look at it. All the cars; and that terrible club building; and all the bitumen blocking the ground. People with anger, with confused feelings, this is not good."

My mind responded with pictures, "Do you want to go? Do you want help, permission to be released from here on earth?"

"No, I'm needed here, help me move."

I thought of the second dowsed location, the Park near the railway station, just four blocks away.

"Yes, do it."

I picked up a little gravel chip, wrapped it in a handkerchief and returned to the Noodle House.

I told Karen what I had experienced. She commented, "Isn't it strange how the Devas, the huge shining beings that live with us on the planet, need our insignificant human help to do the simplest things."

Spaced out from my Deva contact and struggling with a plate of vegetable noodles all I could master was, "Yes, after lunch let's try to help."



So we drove to the Deva's existing location, picked it up in our mental vision and drove 4 blocks to the park. In a grassed area was a stone set in cement. I placed the gravel chip in the stone's shadow. We visualised the Deva's movement to its new anchorage. After about fifteen minutes I heard Karen's voice, "I think we did it."

"Agreed, it seems to be here."

Coming out of our mediation we were treated to a flock of birds settling on the nearby pine.

Pioneer Park, at the edge of town was bushland. Tyre tracks indicated the area was a favoured 'lovers lane'.

I dragged a blanket out of the boot, spread it under the tree and became aware of large Deva anchored to the Park's rocky outcrop. It reached out to me; curious it wondered what I wanted. I sent out the visualised thought, "What is happening here?" In return I got flashes of the past. I became aware that the Deva had a connection to everyone in town. I refocused my mediation and saw that the Deva reached high into the sky and linked into similar Devas around the world. The image came of a Devic web of awareness which encased the globe like chicken wire wrapped around a ball. Awed by what I experienced I gave respect to the Deva and received acknowledgment and love in return.

Karen later confirmed the size and feeling I had about the Deva, suggesting that it liked people and that its business memory.

Driving home I asked, "What is this all about? Why did the series of coincidences lead me Cootamundra? What is happening at Cootamundra?"

Over the next few days an answer built up in my mind – “We want to create an enclave where people can survive a 2012 style destructive event. Cootamundra is a good location. There is soil, water and enough people to make a protective wall around the town.”

A week later I received a phone call, “I’m Lyn, it’s 15 years since I saw you ... remember me? I’ve recently moved to Cootamundra. You have been in my thoughts the last two weeks. I want to ask you what you think of the prophesised 2012 event.”

Further conversation followed and learnt that Lyn (who has had a long association with earth energies) felt that things were improving in Cootamundra. Birds were returning to the park in front of her house ... the park with the relocated Deva.

And finally, a comment from Karen, “The central area, it seems aggressive and hostile. Do you think it’s because the Deva is gone?”

